

F R I E N D  
TO  
O L D E N G L A N D,

BY EDWARD EYRE, ESQ.



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OLD ENGLAND  
TO  
FRIEND  
BY THE ROYAL MAIL



LONDON  
PRINTED FOR THE  
BY THE  
STATIONERS' HALL  
AND ALL THE BOOKSELLERS  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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### TO THE CANDID PUBLIC.

**T**HESE warm effusions were suggested by feelings excited on reflecting on the various tragical events that, for a length of time, have stained a neighbouring nation; though, from the diffidence I have in the merits of my own productions, they were never intended for publication, but merely to amuse a few private Friends. Some of them, whose unbiafed judgment,

judgment, and well-known Knowledge in Literature, I have just reason to rely on, having not only greatly commended the thoughts and principle, but likewise expressed an earnest desire to have them published, from the useful tendency they think they might have at this juncture. Influenced by their opinions, I have ventured to submit its fate to the fairest and most liberal of all tribunals, that of an indulgent Public.

Should they meet with approbation, it may prove an inducement to publish, at some future time, the remainder of the fruits of my leisure hours, in verse and prose, both comic, moral, and fatyrical; the latter of which is  
confined





confined to the prevailing vices and follies, without aiming at any particular individual.\*

The Author having been led to publish this in haste, principally from a view of its allowed general utility, hopes the Public will be merciful in their criticisms.

- Curs'd be the verse, how smooth foe'er it flow,  
Which tends to make one honest man my foe,  
Gives virtue shame, or innocence a fear,  
Or, from the soft-ey'd virgin, draws a tear.

POPE.

# INTRODUCTION

concerned to the prevailing vices and follies  
without aiming at any particular individual.

The Author having been led to publish this  
in haste, principally from a sense of the  
general utility, hopes the Public will be  
interested in their criticisms.

"Ours is the first, and only French, translation  
of this work, and it is the first  
which has been translated into English.  
Of this the English public, I trust, will be  
sensible."



A FRIEND

A

F R I E N D

TO

OLD ENGLAND.

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OLD ENGLAND.  
TO  
FRIEND

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A FRIEND  
OF  
OLD ENGLAND.

---

OPPRESS'D with cares, too late, we strive for fame,  
Or hope in verse, to dignify our name.  
No tuneful Raptures, then our thoughts inspire,  
With nerves relax'd, few strike the Muse's lyre.  
Too late in Life's decline, my zeal inspires,  
Exhausted strength ill suits poetic Fires,  
Since in this much refin'd, enlighten'd Age,  
Each Sex in fancy'd Freedom's cause engage;  
So I, least skilful, in the Rhyming Art,  
In humble Verse my candid Thoughts impart.

Unwarp'd by private view, or party zeal,  
 My honest aim to aid, the public weal.  
 To check the dangerous frenzy of the times,  
 And stem the torrent of increasing crimes,  
 To mend the heart, not merely please mankind  
 Poetic talents, were by Heaven design'd ;  
 Who only strives to serve the public cause,  
 Tho' weak his powers, sure merits some applause.  
 Amongst the Members of the Scribbling Art,  
 Numbers there are, who from the truth depart ;  
 On false foundations, build their ærial plan,  
 Adopt wild schemes, to govern restless Man.  
 A set of factious, vain, presumptuous, Elves,  
 Reforming all things, need it most themselves,  
 With Clamour, those, who for reforms contend,  
 To their own morals first, should well attend.  
 O, Pope ! had I thy power in flowing lines,  
 To paint, the growing follies of the times,  
 What scope, for honest satire ! all around,  
 Thro' every class—each Sex, might now be found.



When human nature's topsy-turvy turn'd,  
 And moral truths, are ridicul'd and spurn'd,  
 When dissipations all our thoughts engage,  
 Can this be deem'd a wise, enlighten'd age?  
 What's freedom call'd, in loose degenerate times,  
 Is licens'd vice, impunity in crimes.  
 Freedom admits of numerous variations,  
 According to the whims, of different Nations ;  
 What, in one State, is perfect freedom deem'd,  
 In others oft is Slavery esteem'd,  
 The foundest Politicians, all agree,  
 Good morals, chiefly tend, to make Men free,  
 Where due submission, to the Law is paid,  
 And those are punish'd, who themselves degrade,  
 By passion blended, and by Knaves inflam'd,  
 The wisest Governments, too oft are blam'd.  
 When, uncontrol'd, State Coblers vent their rage,  
 It strongly marks, a loose licentious Age.  
 Freedom, when unrestrain'd, alas ! we find,  
 Corrupts and oversets, the human mind.

When Profligates on vice have spent their all,  
 Against the Constitution, loud they bawl.  
 The boasted Rights of Man, who vainly preach,  
 Too oft, have secret views, to over-reach.  
 Who, most of old establishments complain,  
 Are Men of desperate fortune, like Tom Paine :  
 Like him, to breed contention, arduous strive,  
 Foul reptiles best in troubl'd waters thrive ;  
 Like him, they spread abroad, each vain delusion,  
 To breed disorder, and create confusion ;  
 Pretend, that all Mankind, quite equal are,  
 Tho' each, of power, would grasp the largest share.  
 Deceiv'd, and heated, by false party zeal,  
 There are, who'd fain destroy the public weal ;  
 Rous'd by mock Patriots, fancy'd Ills they see,  
 And dream of Slavery, whilst they most are free ;  
 Thus hireling, factious, hungry garreteers,  
 With artful lies increase the Public fears,  
 And in our print-shop windows oft are seen,  
 Subjects licentious, scandalous, obscene ;



In Governments, whose policy is found,  
 No licenc'd stimulus to vice is found,  
 No factious Clubs, and Meetings are allow'd,  
 To sow sedition and mislead the crowd.  
 When dangers threat our safety and our laws,  
 Each sect, all parties join the public cause,  
 From mean contracted views no more contend,  
 But each unite to prove their Country's friend ;  
 Vice changes nature, and the mind enslaves,  
 Those sway'd by factions, are the worst of knaves.  
 Beneath the specious mark of public zeal,  
 Too oft' oppression's pond'rous weight we feel,  
 Those must decline, to argue and dispute,  
 The best of Governments, none long can suit,  
 Let artful writers say, whate'er they can,  
 The peaceful Subject is the happiest Man,  
 'Tis worthless Knaves, or fools, alone complain,  
 Of Laws, enacted, licence to restrain,  
 With care each state, to morals should attend,  
 Loose maxims, to licentious manners tend,

By

By sad experience taught, we find each age  
 In some wild frenzy, all its thoughts engage,  
 As once *crusading* was the ruling passion,  
 So now *Equality's* the word in Fashion,  
 A term, so dangerous, in its wild construction,  
 It seems to threat, all Europe with destruction,  
 Were fortune's gifts all equally dispos'd,  
 Man, constantly to Man, would be oppos'd,  
 Nor peace, nor safety, longer could be found,  
 One scene of strange confusion all around,  
 Should we the higher ranks, and powers, destroy,  
 Alas the rest, too soon, would want employ,  
 Were the most wealthy, of their gains afraid,  
 Adieu, for ever, Industry and Trade.  
 In such a wretched state, a heedless Nation,  
 Adieu, each spark of glorious emulation.  
 The best, the noblest *trait* in human nature;  
 That once destroy'd, Man were the poorest creature,  
 Farewell, each science, every art refin'd,  
 Each vigorous effort, of a generous mind,

When



When robb'd of all, the just and wise admire,  
 Who longer mere existence would desire.  
 That Government is best, whate'er its name,  
 Where virtue meets reward, and vice with shame;  
 Where all, their honest gains secure enjoy,  
 Nor dare, their neighbours peaceful rights annoy,  
 Without distinction—just subordination,  
 Ne'er yet was seen a happy prosp'rous Nation,  
 Whose life, or fortune, stands one hour secure,  
 With such, as no controul can long endure.  
 Those, on whom fortune showers her favours most,  
 In state convulsions, are the soonest lost,  
 When mobs become self Ministers of State,  
 The higher ranks, experience first their hate.  
 When ruin, from below, once takes its course,  
 No power, nor skill, can long withstand its force,  
 Fell discord, and revenge, when once let loose,  
 Rapes, Murders, Rapine, every curs'd abuse,  
 Which most, on human nature, brings disgrace,  
 Of Mercy, Justice, Piety, take place;

Man's natural rights, when truly understood,  
 Yield, to superior powers, for mutual good.  
 Whate'er the views philosophers pretend,  
 Subordination is Man's truest friend ;  
 And spite of Priestley, Paine, and Mirabeau,  
 Equality is Man's unnatural foe,  
 Since different is each human mental power,  
 Some o'er the rest, in intellects must tower ;  
 Shall idle drones, with active Bees divide ?  
 What reason, justice, to the first deny'd :  
 Is this a mark of an enlighten'd age ?  
 To spurn the Laws, and yield to party rage !  
 When once, the civil bands, are rent asunder,  
 Mankind are prone to Rapine, Theft and Plunder.  
 Of all licentious Government accurst,  
 Mob Law assuredly is far the worst ;  
 When petty upstarts, boldly seize the reins,  
 Whoe'er can think, he perfect Freedom gains ;  
 Reflect with coolness, and you'll doubtless see,  
 Wise measures, not new masters, make men free,

In



In those convulsions, with which States are torn,  
 The Laws, that link mankind, are spurn'd with scorn;  
 Hence reason patient bears with ills, when small,  
 Sooner than madly risk the loss of all.  
 By wisdom taught, we learn with ease to bear  
 Those evils, Men on earth must ever share,  
 Nor madly strive, by hasty Revolutions,  
 To upset establish'd Constitutions,  
 Or, on the vain pretence of Reformation,  
 Spread civil Discord, thro' a thriving Nation;  
 Prudence avoids all dangerous extremes,  
 Each party change with certain mischief teems;  
 Should once the Members with the head contest,  
 Their ruin soon must follow with the rest;  
 Equality when wrong conceiv'd's delusion,  
 And tends to discord, ruin, and confusion,  
 As in Mechanic's, one main wheel has force,  
 To guide the rest, and regulate their course,  
 So each Society, if well combin'd,  
 To just subordination is inclin'd,

To legal rights,—Protection all have claim,  
 Who thence own no distinction are to blame,  
 For mutual safety, Subjects tribute pay,  
 And with allegiance, ruling powers obey,  
 Hence Children, to their Parents, dutious yield,  
 Soldiers to Generals, in the Camp, and Field,  
 Servants observe their Master's just command,  
 Nor their requests, licentiously withstand.  
 Were Wives against their Husbands to rebel,  
 Each family would prove a perfect Hell.  
 Our kind Redeemer, who all power posselt,  
 Obedience to the Laws and state profest ;  
 His followers too, tho' injur'd and betray'd,  
 Submissive, all the ruling powers, obey'd.  
 By nature taught, e'en savage tribes we find,  
 To due subordination are inclin'd ;  
 To old experience, they submissive yield,  
 Choose able leaders for the martial field ;  
 Shall Europe, vainly boast, its arts refin'd,  
 Prove a more brutal, less enlighten'd mind?

Each



Each Animal, throughout the vast Creation,  
 By instinct taught, yields just subordination ;  
 Each flock, each herd, their leaders will obey,  
 Nor, from their wise commands, are found to stray,  
 Still faithful to the Sovereign of their choice,  
 Submissive hearken to his friendly voice ;  
 Thus instinct, at each age, is perfect found,  
 In all its operations, just, and sound ;  
 Whilst human Beings, who, their reason boast,  
 By passion blinded, are in error lost ;  
 Should it not humble Man's presumpt'ous pride ?  
 By whose weak judgment all things must be try'd,  
 To find, with brutes, that peaceful concord grow,  
 Which, towards their species, mortals rarely show ;  
 Thus, every prosperous, every well fram'd State,  
 Nature's great plan, should strive to emulate,  
 Whose operations, regular and slow,  
 The truest order, and perfection show ;  
 Thro' all her works, whoe'er reflects will find,  
 Parts from a whole harmoniously combin'd ;

So in each State, whose Constitution's found,  
 This plastic order is most perfect found,  
 That, and that only, to perfection tends,  
 Were every part, is fitted to its ends.  
 Intrude no change with hasty, heated zeal,  
 With solemn State, slow moves the public wheel;  
 For mortals, who at most perfection aim,  
 With cool reflection, should their model frame;  
 Who does the best the circumstance admits,  
 Is equal to the Savilles or the Pitts;  
 Who midst the threats of factious desperate foes,  
 By truth, and eloquence, to greatness rose:  
 Call'd by his Sov'reign, to the helm of state,  
 To save his Country from impending fate.  
 Fearless of danger, he with Justice sways,  
 And raises good Mens hopes of happier days.  
 Long may he steer, by virtuous steady rules;  
 Nor e'er become the dupe of Knavish fools:  
 Then shall his Country with him length of days,  
 And Crown his services with heart-felt praise;

Bestow



Bestow the honors of a patriot name,  
And crown with immortality his fame.

The Heavenly power, on whom depends our fate,  
By a bare fiat could whole Worlds create :  
Six Days entire were in creation spent,  
A lesson to weak mortals kindly meant;  
To teach us each design that tends to good,  
Requires due time to be well understood;  
For true perfection is the work of time,  
As those move slowest who would upwards climb;  
Yet some who preach the boasted Rights of Man,  
Adopt a hasty, undigested, plan;  
Learn, then, ye vain Philosophers of France,  
States are not form'd so easy as a dance :  
Learn, ye State Mountebanks, to understand  
No well pois'd State is form'd by flight of hand,  
E're ancient forms, or Laws, are laid aside,  
The new, with cool reflection should be try'd ;  
How vain, in human Beings, to pretend,  
A long corrupted State, in haste to mend,

Thus

Thus, in the vegetable World we see,  
 What's long in growth, becomes the stoutest Tree;  
 Its spreading branches, kind protection yield,  
 To all the humbler vassals of the field;  
 E'en in decay, will oft a Century last,  
 And brave each shock of Winter's powerful Blast,  
 Whilst those of quicker growth, as quick decay,  
 Scarce in their prime, a single summer's day.

The wisest sages known in ancient times,  
 Deem'd base impiety the worst of crimes.  
 Whilst the rare spirits of our modern days  
 Think piety a feeble mind betrays;  
 How widely different from the Gospel rules,  
 Are the strange doctrines of their gallic\* schools!  
 By folly blinded, or impell'd by pride,  
 Bold Atheists, their Creator's Laws deride;  
 Such vain philosophy to misery tends,  
 Presumption, soon or late, in ruin ends;  
 As their weak heads, with aerial systems teem  
 All sacred functions they quite useless deem;

The

\* French.



The leading tenet of their gallic schools,  
 Is, that divines, at best, are useless tools,  
 All lenient Measures they indignant spurn,  
 And think, to mend, they needs must overturn ;  
 Vainly they hope to gain the world's applause,  
 By spurning, all divine and human laws ;  
 Thus, the main props of ev'ry virtuous State  
 Are Scorn'd, as objects of the public hate :  
 Of Honors, Fortune, Liberty bereft,  
 With scarce a pittance for subsistence left ;  
 Exil'd or Massacre'd without a cause,  
 But their attachment to their ancient Laws ;  
 Treating all sacred things with shame and scorn,  
 They think they hold the Monster by the horn ;  
 Those, who in virtue far exceed the rest,  
 In State convulsions soonest are oppress'd ;  
 The Laws, that should restrain, once overturn'd,  
 Vice rides triumphant, and real worth is spurn'd.

If in the Church or State, some ills are found,  
 For what on earth in all its parts is found;  
 Should the excess and vices of a few?  
 Our cruel hands in guiltless blood imbrue;  
 Can we, that policy or justice call?  
 For individual faults to punish all;  
 If in the Church some certain evils grow,  
 Who at Religion e'er would strike the blow?  
 In great Reforms, the danger's always sure,  
 The good, tho' specious, ever insecure;  
 When in the human frame bad humors float,  
 To cure, do Doctors cut the patient's throat?  
 So if the State's corrupt in every part,  
 Must we like fiends strike Daggers at its Heart?

No dignities, no ranks, of Church or State  
 Are spar'd by those fell Ministers of fate,  
 Each Member of their once luxurious Court,  
 Of every Ruffian now becomes the sport,

Peers,



Peers, Princes, Prelates, Ministers—all, all  
 Together with the Mass of Ruin fall,  
 Their hapless Monarch of his honours shorn,  
 Is treated with indignity and scorn :  
 Thus the kind Father of their wretched state,  
 Without a cause, they treat with envious hate,  
 By friends deserted, and oppress'd by foes,  
 His Queen, his Children, sharers in his woes,  
 Bred in a Court, where vice triumphant reigns,  
 Each crime, each folly, that our nature stains,  
 Where base seduction gallantry is deem'd,  
 And Marriage vows no longer are esteem'd,  
 Where common decency is disregarded,  
 And moral duties are by most discarded,  
 As error oft misleads the young and gay,  
 Who, at her age, might not be led astray ?  
 Her Soul by trials, purify'd, refin'd,  
 She proves the Native vigor of her mind :  
 When most insulted, patient and serene,  
 And tho' degraded, still supports the Queen.

Is there a wretch, so worthless and deprav'd,  
 In guilt so harden'd, and by vice enslav'd,  
 So hackney'd in the scenes of woe's excess,  
 But feels for beauty, harrow'd by distress.  
 How few, when most they need, alas! e'er find  
 A real friend, of a true generous mind :  
 The most ungrateful of the human race,  
 Are those who grasp at wealth, or power, or place.  
 When Subjects are corrupt, and ill advis'd,  
 The best of Kings are oft the most despis'd ;  
 As tenderest parents meet with hate and scorn  
 From those they most indulg'd, their eldest born.  
 Beware, O Louis! e'er too late beware,  
 Lest injur'd Charles's cruel fate you share ; \*  
 In times like these, the worthiest, best of kings,  
 Alas! are deem'd, expensive, useless things ;  
 Had not this lenient Monarch prov'd inclin'd,  
 More prone to ease, than burthen human kind,  
 He, in distress, perchance had found support,  
 Nor of his treach'rous Subjects prov'd the sport ;

Un-

\* This Essay was written before the murder of the King, which was at that time daily expected.



Unfeeling wretches, who too plainly prove,  
 On Tyrants only, ye bestow your love ;  
 What's eafy gain'd, prompts Men to ask for more,  
 Till stript of all, our folly we deplore ;  
 Oft he, who has no longer power to give,  
 Is deem'd by those moft serv'd, unfit to live ;  
 Thus stripp'd of Power, and wealth, he ends his life,  
 Or on a scaffold, or in endless strife,  
 This, the sad fate of Charles, our martyr'd King  
 And threats the hapless Monarch now I sing ;  
 Each Monument of genius, and of art,  
 In their destructive fury bears a part ;  
 His Palace, Furniture, Crown, Jewels, sold  
 To satiate their greedy thirst of gold ;  
 The noblest specimens of art or skill  
 Are sold, their ruin'd Treasury to fill :  
 Say, who can envy high exalted state ?  
 When fallen, how doubly wretched is their fate !  
 FAYETTE beware, thou brave, well meaning Man,  
 Nor be the dupe of your too hasty plan ;

The truest Patriots, those who best deserv'd,  
 Have oft fall'n victims to the state they serv'd,  
 Who first with zeal in freedom's cause engage,  
 Too oft experience its licentious rage,  
 Tho' the Bastile is levell'd to the ground,  
 More Tyrannies than one are to be found,  
 'Tis not enough, one species, is o'erthrown,  
 If on its ruin seeds of worse are sown,  
 Tho' one vile despot no good Man can love,  
 Yet, petty Tyrants more destructive prove.  
 Of all despotic powers, the most accurst,  
 Republics (when corrupt) are far the worst,  
 From mandates of a mob worse evils grow  
 Than e'er from *Lettres de Cachet* can show.

By factions rous'd, the Tocfin Bell is rung,  
 And at their Lamps the trembling victims hung,  
 Their fever'd Heads before the mob are borne,  
 Their mangled trunks with savage fury torn,



Condemn'd, untried, the guiltless victims fall,  
 In vain for Justice, and for Mercy call,  
 T'increase the horrors of their deadly band,  
 A group of female blood-hounds foremost stand :  
 Of all fell Monsters of infernal breed,  
 A Female fury does the rest exceed,  
 By study'd torments they inflict our fate,  
 Still in extremes, they prove their rancorous hate,  
 Nor can mere death disarm their frantic rage,  
 New modes of cruelty their thoughts engage,  
 To lengthen out excruciating pain,  
 Each limb they torture, and each nerve they strain :  
 The parent by his offspring is oppress'd,  
 The infant murder'd at its Mother's breast,  
 E'en prostrate, weeping beauty, sues in vain,  
 For mercy, or by death, to ease her pain,  
 By treacherous modes they basely urge their spite,  
 Cowards alone in cruelty delight,  
 True valour ne'er insults, a prostrate foe,  
 But tries, by clemency, to smooth his woe.

At

At fights like these, the dizzy brain oft turns,  
 And all the soul, with indignation burns,  
 E'en the fierce Tiger quick its prey devours,  
 Nor strives to lengthen out its suff'ring powers,  
 Man, cruel Man, alone, more fierce than they,  
 By lingering death, torments his helpless prey,  
 Sure 'tis the summit, of infernal art,  
 By lengthen'd woes to break the feeling heart :  
 Was the Almighty thus severe inclin'd,  
 As cruel Man, to Man, too oft we find,  
 Who could escape, his just avenging powers,  
 Yet good and bad share Heaven's indulgent showers.  
 In your assembly, can there none be found ?  
 Where nature with benevolence is crown'd.  
 Is this protecting the just rights of Man ?  
 Is this conforming to wise nature's plan ?  
 To urge your schemes by base assassination,  
 Are these just samples of your moderation ?  
 Who fraternize with daggers in each hand,  
 Such striking arguments none dare withstand.



Learn, ye licentious Atheists, learn to curb,  
 Your savage fury, nor the world disturb,  
 First form a constitution of your own,  
 Ere ye the rights of other States disown,  
 Nor let your envy and ambition burn  
 In others, due allegiance to o'erturn :  
 Ere 'tis too late, hear reason's friendly voice,  
 Nor be perpetual infamy your choice,  
 Lest Heaven's just vengeance on your head shall fall,  
 And ye in turn for mercy vainly call :  
 Like curs'd Gomorrah levell'd with the plain,  
 And of your former pride no trace remain ;  
 What Tree can sound, or fruitful branches shoot,  
 If when first planted, canker'd at the root,  
 Your *Tree of Liberty* when understood,  
 Is over charg'd with *evil*, and no *good*,  
 Like *Java's* baneful plant it has been found,  
 To spread its poisonous vapours all around.  
 To our connexions, with the French, we owe,  
 Most vices, which in States luxuriant grow,

Their

Their maxims, manners, to destruction tend,  
 Infidious France, ne'er yet was Briton's friend :  
 Alas, how chang'd the morals of our Isle  
 Since we have ap'd their manners, dress and stile.  
 Thus with the vain, luxurious, and the gay,  
 Simplicity is fritter'd quite away,  
 For ostentation, we exchange our peace,  
 And artificial wants our cares increase,  
 For empty shew, our peace is sacrific'd,  
 And fashion, more than happiness, is priz'd.  
 Thence fierce to their convention all repair,  
 And join in crowds to breathe unwholesome air ;  
 Pay treble price for every earthly good,  
 For Servants wages, House-rent, Fire and Food ;  
 Quit rural ease, and hospitable friends,  
 For those who flatter but for selfish ends,  
 Thus luxury, all degrees, each rank pervades  
 From Princes, Peers, down to the meanest trades :  
 No lasting Reformation e'er was known,  
 When States luxurious, and corrupt were grown ;

Peace,



Peace, Commerce, and excessive Wealth, we find,  
 Corrupt and overset the human mind;  
 Sound morals best can render States secure,  
 A *flamina* decay'd, no art can cure,  
 Fruits (howe'er slightly) when decay'd at core,  
 No human skill to vigour can restore.

When prosperous fortune renders Man elate,  
 By curs'd ambition oft they tempt their fate;  
 Those States, where wealth and luxury abound,  
 Oft, in their constitutions, are unsound;  
 As canker'd Trees produce most slightly fruit,  
 And, in decay, luxuriant branches shoot:  
 'Tis not mere change of men can cure the times,  
 Or stem the torrent of increasing crimes;  
 Whilst love of sway pervades the human breast,  
 The lower ranks are by the rich oppress'd;  
 Whilst men are govern'd by mean selfish views,  
 Those once in power, their power, will still abuse;

When

When pride and lux'ry ev'ry breast invade,  
 Whoe'er's in office makes of it a trade ;  
 Self-interest guides each petty corporation,  
 'Tis that which rules, the Rulers of the Nation :  
 Hence Men of parts, alone, whose views are just,  
 Should e'er be plac'd in offices of trust ;  
 But where, alas ! can we such beings find,  
 When foul corruption taints each human mind ;  
 Excessive power, in many hands, or one,  
 Is the chief cause most States have been undone.  
 Power unrestrain'd, whoe'er reflects must own  
 Is suited to omnipotence alone ;  
 Man's brain too weak to bear exalted State,  
 Turns giddy, and oft hurls him to his fate ;  
 Whate'er the form of Government Men choose,  
 Those raised to power too oft their power abuse ;  
 Who studies well the State of Rome and Greece,  
 Will find most men in office prone to fleece ;  
 Kings, Dictators, the Senate, Emperors, *all*  
 In the same error, oft were seen to fall ;



But chiefly those of mean plebeian race,  
 Rapacious tribunes, did their post disgrace;  
 For curs'd ambition, since the world began,  
 Has prov'd the cruel, direful foe, to Man.  
 Whate'er the form of Government, or Name,  
 When grown corrupt, they all are much the same;  
 In most European States, as in our own,  
 If once Mankind, at large, are venal grown:  
 Tho' some we regal, some Republic call,  
 Abuses, much alike, are found in all;  
 Hence wisdom teaches, patient to endure,  
 Those temporal evils, which admit no cure,  
 Since by example, 'tis too plainly shewn,  
 Calamity can work that cure alone;  
 States like most individuals oft we find,  
 To their true interests are exceeding blind,  
 And dup'd by specious sounding words we see,  
 Think the mere name of *Freemen* makes them free.  
 Of Governments, that long have stood the test,  
 A Monarchy, when limited, is best,

Through the kind influence of its lenient power,  
 Britons, in wealth, beyond example tower ;  
 Thrice happy Isle, whose Constitution's found,  
 Of all, in others best, a just compound ;  
 Where a just King with moderation reigns,  
 And Lords and Commons each excess restrains,  
 Whose three estates, an equal poise support,  
 No abject Slaves, to Populace or Court,  
 Each watchful of his rights, with jealous eye,  
 And arduous for the general welfare vie ;  
 May our wise system last to distant times,  
 Nor stain its glory with licentious crimes ;  
 Prove an example to each neighbouring State,  
 Firm in distress, when prosperous, not elate ;  
 With moderation, safely steer its course,  
 And still united brave each foreign force ;  
 Unless by civil broils, we urge our fate,  
 Britons, the envy of the world create.  
 Shall we, like impious Jews, ungrateful prove,  
 To that just being who deserves our love ;



Whilst every useful blessing we enjoy,  
Shall we those comforts, by excess destroy.  
Britons take heed, least treacherous gallic arts,  
For Freedom's guise, corrupt your generous hearts;  
Proofs, strongest proofs, and those of recent date,  
Convince us of their envy, spite and hate ;  
But vain each *Machevelian* art they try,  
Britons united—all their arts defy.

F I N I S.

With every vital breath we draw,  
Shall we those enemies of ours destroy,  
Whom take heed, lest treacherous guile ensue,  
For Freedom's guide, corrupt your generous hearts;  
Fools, strongest proof, and those of recent date,  
Convince us of their envy, spite and hate;  
But vain each Misdeed is they try,  
Butions united—all their arts defy.





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